

LITERATURE.

THE DREAM OF MY HEART.

Oh! fair is the day-dreams that dazzle
the eye,
While the golden-winged moments glide
merrily by:
And bright are the visions that wooingly
dwell
In the bosom of youth like a love-breath-
ing spell,
When the young spirit gladdens to dream
of the fame
That shall herald his glory and blazen his
name;
But fairer, and brighter, and dearer to me
Is the dream of my heart, love, that lingers
with thee.

Oh! sweet is the summer, and mirthful
and glad,
When Nature in garments of beauty is
clad;
When the rosy-winged morning eclipses
in light
The stars that have shone in the canopied
night;
But sweeter far is the beauty that lies
Embalmed in the light of thine eloquent
eyes;
Those eyes of affection are dear unto me
As the dream of my heart, love, that lingers
with thee.

The breath of the soft winds that mur-
mur along
Is laden with whispers of love and of
song,
And the voice of the waters that dance in
the moon
With its music awakens a fairy-like tune.
There are sounds of delight in the wan-
dering breeze,
And cadences sweet on the slumbering
seas:
But sweeter thine accents and dearer
unto me
Is the dream of my heart, love, that lingers
with thee.

Thy words are all chaste as the voice of
the streams,
And thy thoughts are as pure as an
angel's bright dreams;
And the tender emotions that dwell in thy
breast
All flow from a bosom with innocence
blest.
Thy heart is the shrine of a kind, trusting
love,
Oh! though art the treasure that's dear-
est to me,
And the dream of my heart, love, still lingers
with thee.

The wanderer, away on a far foreign
strand
With a longing heart dreams of his dear
native land;
And the mariner sighs as he rides o'er
the foam
For the fond ones he loves in his far dis-
tant home;
But Hope, like a star, lights the gloom of
his breast,
And the feelings are hushed into soft
tranquil rest;
And Hope, the bright seraph, smiles
sweetly on me,
While the dream of my heart, love, is lingers
with thee.

Kate Gower.

My darling Kate, do not look so sad:
after all, I have no doubt you will be very
happy, and a fortnight or so after you are
married I shall hear you say there was
never in the world half so nice a man
and so good a husband as George Mel-
ville.

Oh, Emily, Emily, I cannot think so;
the very sound of his name makes me
shudder! was the passionate reply to Miss
Woodford's words of encouragement; and
the speaker buried her face in the bosom
of her friend, and burst into tears.

My dear girl, this will never do; it is
now too late, if you repent your determi-
nation, to break off your engagement with
Mr. Melville. Do you regret what you
have done?

I should do it again under the same
circumstances, answered Kate Gower,
after a moment's pause.

And you would be right. Indeed,
Kate, continued Miss Woodford, we have
advised you for the best. Love is not
necessary for happiness; and the calm
regard and friendship you feel for Mr.
Melville (for you have only fancied you
dislike him since he has appeared in the
character of a suitor, while before you
were really attached to him,) will prove a
far more durable means of happiness, than
that passionate affection which girls fancy
a necessary feeling towards their future
husband. Yes, my dear girl, I am quite
sure you will never repent it if you marry
him.

But you know—you know I love another,
murmured Kate, in a voice almost
inaudible through her tears.

You believe, and fancy you do; but
how do you know he still cares for you?
You are throwing away, are wasting your
affections on one unworthy of them, said
Emily Woodford. If he loved you, do
you suppose he would have allowed so
long a time to elapse without seeing you,
and seeking some explanation? Instead
of which, he appears to have purposely
avoided you: does such conduct be-
token love?

Oh, Emily, you are too cruel!

I seem so, dearest; but ask yourself
seriously if I am not right. Think of
your mother, Kate; of your brothers and
sisters, poor children! whose fate depends
so much on your conduct—remember—

I know all—I think of it all—I remem-
ber all, interrupted the unhappy girl; if
I did not, think you I could consent to
become the wife of one I detest? Do
you think if my mother, my gentle, suffer-
ing, idolized mother, had not with tears
in her eyes implored me to accept Mel-
ville's hand, and had not even owned she
believed it would prolong her life were I
to do so, think you I ever could have
so degraded myself as to bind my-
self to one man, while my very pulse is
throbbing with wild passionate love for
another? Could I, continued Kate, with
increasing vehemence—could I, when
the images of my mother and her little
children were conjured up before my
eyes, in poverty and dependence—could
I refuse to assist them, to render them
happy, to give them a home, when it was
in my power to do so—could I, Emily?

Alas! alas! no. But I deserve it all, she
passionately exclaimed; I deserve it all!
Oh, I am rightly punished! I was proud,
I was wayward, I wanted to bring him to
my feet; I wanted to show it was a fa-
vour to be loved by me; and he, too, was
proud, and left me, and we have never
met since! Oh, Emily, Emily, God help
me! and Kate ceased speaking, exhaust-
ed by the violence of her emotions, and
began hurriedly to pace the little draw-
ing room. Miss Woodford was thorough-
ly perplexed; she knew not what to say
to her friend, whose unusual excitement
almost terrified her. It was too late, she
reflected, to break off her engagement, be-
sides, the thought of Kate's invalid mother
flashed across her mind, and she
knew such a sudden, disappointment
would most likely be a death blow; but
yet, surely it was not right that Kate
Gower should be allowed to contract a
marriage evidently so abhorrent to her
feelings. Poor Emily! she was sadly
puzzled; and as she thought of her own
happy engagement and handsome lover,
she sighed deeply. She could not, how-
ever, decide on any plan of conduct, and
resolved at last, to let matters take their
own course. It was a passiveness she
bitterly repented when it was too late.

Mrs. Gower was the widow of a major
in the army, who had died, leaving her
with four children and heavy debts, two
years before the opening of this narrative.
It was a hard struggle for five human
creatures, of refined tastes and habits, to
live upon the scanty pittance allowed them
by government; so no wonder that when
George Melville, young, rich, and good
looking, fell in love with and proposed to
her eldest and favourite, Kate, the wid-
ow, unaware of her previous attachment,
urged and entreated her to accept his
proffered hand. We have seen from the
conversation recorded above, that Kate,
moved by the tears of a mother she dear-
ly loved, and aware of the immense ad-
vantage which would secure to her family
by her marriage (for Mr. Melville had
promised to provide them with a home.)

consented, and a few days only were now
wanting to that fixed for the wedding.

Alas for a woman who marries a man
she cannot love! and doubly alas for her
whose affections are already bestowed on
another! Oh, mothers, loving and kind
and unselfish, and affectionate, though ye
may be, beware lest for the fancied advan-
tage of your children you sacrifice their
every chance of happiness. The hus-
band may be kind, and generous, and
loving, and constant; but if the wife love
him not, how, how can she be happy?
And it is on her whole life that the deep
gloom of despair will be cast; not for
days nor weeks, nor months; nor even
years, but for ever—for her whole life,
with no hope for relief but in the grave;
and her one despairing cry will be ever
ascending to heaven—"Let me die, Lord!
let me die! I only ask for death!" Poor
sad one, God help thee!

Kate Gower's wedding-day had arrived,
and never had she looked so beautiful.
A strange light burnt in her dark bril-
liant eyes and a bright flush on her cheek
deceived the numerous spectators into a
belief that she was marvellously happy.
Mrs. Gower's heart dilated with joy as
she gazed on her lovely daughter, who,
with the bridal wreath on her brow and
the lace veil falling on the ground around
her, knelt at the altar and pronounced her
marriage vow, to "love, honour and obey"
her husband. What mockery! what hol-
lowness! Poor unhappy Kate! But so
well did she sustain the part she had im-
posed on herself, that not even her brides-
maid, Emily Woodford, far less did her
happy mother, suspect for one moment the
fearful sacrifice she was making. She
was so perfectly calm, even smiling, that
Emily believed her quite reconciled to
her fate; and many would have laughed
at the idea of its being otherwise. What!
with a handsome, doting, fine-tempered
husband, not happy? Why, what would
the girl have?—aye what indeed?

Four months had passed away since
Kate Gower had become Kate Melville,
and still her husband loved her with al-
most the passionate ardour of his first devo-
tion. True, the thought sometimes flash-
ed across his mind that the feeling was
not reciprocal, that Kate even shrunk
from his caresses, but he soon persuaded
himself, that to a natural quietness of
manner must be attributed her apparent
coldness, and fortunately he had never
known her otherwise, for their acquaint-
ance had commenced but a few months
after her father's death, when the irrepar-
able loss of a kind and indulgent parent
had subsided, for the time, every trace of
her natural gaiety and sparkling spirits,
no marvel that they did not return, and
that to Melville she had even appeared
both unremonstrative and reserved. We
will not stay to tell how different she had
been, when overflowing with the happi-
ness of loving and being loved, every
flower in the field, every star in the sky,
every action in the day, had been a
source of heartfelt joy and pure, simple
mirth.

Vivian Howick and Kate had met in
Malta, while her father's regiment was
stationed there, and soon, a congeniality
of tastes and similarity of feelings had
taught the young people first friendship,
then love. The day before that on which
Vivian had decided to ask Major Gower's
approbation of their engagement, a fool-
ish misunderstanding arose between the
lovers, and Kate, indignant at being for
once suspected of levity, exclaimed, in
answer to some gentle reproach from Vi-
vian, Mr. Howick, you are assuming a
husband's authority too soon. I have no
wish to lose my liberty at sixteen, and if
you cannot trust me, if you have no faith
in me, let us part—it will be better—let us
part! Before she could retract her
words she was alone, Vivian had sprung
up, passed through the open French win-
dow, and was gone. Poor Kate! she
had never seen him since, and yet al-
most before the words had passed her
lips she bitterly repented them. A few
days after, she heard that Mr. Howick
had left for England, and soon her father's
regiment was also summoned there pre-
viously to embarking for India.

Major Gower died a fortnight after
their arrival in London, and since then
Kate had never even heard of the name
of Vivian Howick mentioned. How of-

ten it hung upon her lips, and how often
it brought a passionate flood of agonizing
tears to her eyes, we care not now
to tell; there are some feelings in a wo-
man's heart that should be sacred even
to sympathy. Vivian Howick stayed but
a few weeks in England, when, having
obtained an appointment as secretary to
the ——— embassy, he set out for ———

Kate dearest, it is ten o'clock, had you
not better begin to dress?

Certainly, if you wish it? and Melville
was left alone in the large dining room of
his mansion in Grosvenor Square. Half an
hour had passed when Kate rejoined her
husband. She was looking very lovely,
and he could not resist pressing her to his
heart, as he murmured some lover-like
compliments to her surpassing beauty,
and then, for the first time, he marked
her expression of shrinking scorn, as even
the faint colour that usually tinged her
cheek fled from her face, and a feeling of
distrust and disappointment, almost of
anger, arose in his heart. He hastily
withdrew his arm, and, opening the door
of the apartment, motioned her forward.
In another moment they were in the car-
riage, on the way to Lady's.

A murmur of admiration arose from the
group hanging about the entrance of the
ball-room as Kate entered, leaning on the
arm of her husband; a smile had rarely
dwelt on her lips since her marriage, but
her classical beauty had perhaps rather
gained than lost by its additional severity;
and the pure simplicity of her white dress,
and the large lilies in her dark hair were
well chosen to show off to the most re-
markable advantage the singular beauty
of her face and form. But Melville,
usually so proud of the admiration she
excited, was this evening gloomy and ir-
ritable; and though he authoritatively in-
sisted on her dancing, he watched her
throughout with an earnest attention,
which too plainly showed how the trust
he had felt in her had vanished from his
heart.

What do you think of Miss D'Arcy, it
is her first appearance this season? said
Lord Fitz Mordant to Kate, during the
pauses of a quadrille.

Which do you mean—where is she?
enquired Kate.

The girl in blue, sitting near the door
—there now she is standing up—do you
see? Is she not pretty? But good heav-
ens! Mrs. Melville, what is the matter?
exclaimed Fitz Mordant, as Kate's eye,
following his directions glanced first on
Miss D'Arcy, and then rested on an ele-
gant man leaning against the wall near
her. Are you ill? continued he; allow
me to find you a seat, an ice? and the
good-natured young man, really alarmed
by her fearful paleness and convulsive
respiration, elbowed his way through the
crowd, and repeating a thousand offers of
assistance, conducted her to the conser-
vatory, where Kate, sinking into a chair,
and striving vainly to thank him, at last
motioned him away. With true delicacy
of feeling, the young viscount obeyed
the gesture and left her alone.

With her two hands pressed against
her throbbing forehead, Kate tried to
calm herself, but the task was impossible,
and she fell back powerless and almost
senseless in her chair. It was, indeed,
Vivian Howick she had seen—Vivian,
whom she still loved wildly, devotedly,
and now, God help her! criminally.

And the sound of the music in the ball
room came faintly on her ear, and, oh,
how it jured on her strained feelings!
Poor, poor Kate!

Many minutes passed thus, and Kate
was still leaning back in her chair, her
face hidden in her hands, when a footstep
close to her made her glance up. In
another moment, acting on a passionate
impulse, she flung herself towards Vivian
who was passing before her, and with a
low cry burst into tears.

Kate, Kate! and he guided her to a
sofa, where she sat, sobbing as her heart
would break, and he bending down to her
with an expression of love, and pity, and
stern heart-rendering grief!

Oh, Vivian? Vivian? do speak to me,
do have mercy on me, do forgive me?
Oh, Vivian!

Kate, he whispered, I forgive all, but
oh, you have broken two hearts, you have